

**WEB COMIC  
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Thrill to the spine-tingling tale of THE HAUNTED TOMB! 10¢

# the GHOST RIDER

No. 7





# GHOST RIDER



**HORROR** LURKED IN THE DEPTHS OF THE ANCIENT INDIAN TOMB, FANGED AND WINGED! IT'S TOUCH MEANT **DEATH** — BUT WHY DID ALL ITS VICTIMS WEAR A **GHASTLY GRIN**? CAN EVEN **THE GHOST RIDER** HIMSELF BRAVE THE ANCIENT CURSE TO SOLVE THE TERRIBLE RIDDLE OF — **"THE HAUNTED TOMB!"**



AS FAYE BRADBURN WALKS A SIDE STREET IN SAN ANTONIO, A NOOSE DROPS SILENTLY FROM ABOVE ...





THEN — A THUNDER OF HOOPS IN THE NIGHT! A FLAMING BLAST FROM TWIN SIXGUNS!



WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO KILL YOU?

I DON'T KNOW... I OWN A LITTLE RANCH — BUT IT'S BEEN GOING STEADILY DOWNHILL EVER SINCE MY FATHER AND BROTHER DIED...

IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF THAT HORRIBLE INDIAN TOMB! WHEN MY BROTHER FOUND IT, HE WAS WARNED BY AN OLD OSAGE THAT THERE WAS A CURSE ON IT. SOME SILLY LEGEND OF A — **WINGED SERPENT!**

... HE ONLY LAUGHED! TWO DAYS LATER, HE WENT TO EXPLORE THE TOMB. FATHER FOUND HIM JUST OUTSIDE THE TOMB — **DEAD!** HIS FACE WAS TWISTED IN A STRANGE GRIN...



OTHER MEN ENTERED THE TOMB TO SEE WHAT HAD KILLED HIM. THEY CAME OUT — **SCREAMING IN FEAR!**

A SNAKE — WITH WINGS!

IT BIT US... WE'RE DYING

DADDY WENT IN THERE, TOO. AND WHEN HE DID...

DADDY! DADDY! SOBB!





THE WINGED SERPENT KILLED HIM, JUST AS IT KILLED EVERYONE WHO WENT INTO THAT TOMB!

SPEND TONIGHT IN TOWN. I WILL LEAVE WORD FOR REX FURY—THE FEDERAL MARSHAL—to MEET YOU TOMORROW AND ESCORT YOU TO YOUR RANCH.

NEXT DAY—

RECKON I'LL HAVE A LOOK-SEE AT THAT TOMB MYSELF! I DON'T BELIEVE THAT YARN ABOUT WINGED SERPENTS!

OH, NO! PLEASE! I'D NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF IF ANYONE ELSE DIED BECAUSE OF THAT TOMB!

UNSEEN BY REX FURY AND THE GIRL RANCHER—

THAT HOMRE THAT BROUGHT HER IN HAS RIDDEN OFF, SKULL.

GOOD! SHE'S ALONE! COME ON...



AT THE BRADBURN B-ON-A-BENCH SPREAD, SOMEWHAT LATER...

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, ENTERING WITHOUT KNOCKING?

I DON'T STAND ON CEREMONY! I CAME TO GET YOU—AND I INTEND DOING JUST THAT!

YOU'RE GOING INTO THE HAUNTED TOMB—to MEET THE SAME FATE YOUR FATHER AND BROTHER MET! DEATH AT THE FANGS OF THE WINGED SERPENT!

MEANWHILE...

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A FLYING SNAKE... EXCEPT IN OLD LEGENDS! SO WHATEVER IT IS INSIDE THIS PLACE IS MANMADE!



INSIDE THE MUSTY MAUSOLEUM, A FANTASTIC CREATURE RUSTLES ITS WINGS AND FLIES ABOUT THE ANCIENT CRYPT.





THUNDERATION! I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT! *OHO!* I SEE SOMETHING ELSE BESIDES A FLYING SNAKE ...!



SOMETHING INSIDE—  
*SHOOTING*  
AT ME!



FOR LONG MINUTES, THE FEDERAL MARSHAL SEARCHES THE GROUND SOME DISTANCE FROM THE TOMB ...

JUST A LITTLE WET SPOT!  
IT WASN'T A BULLET THAT WAS SHOT AT ME—**BUT WHAT WAS IT?** RECKON I'D BETTER TACKLE **THIS** JOB AS—**THE GHOST RIDER ...!**



AFTER REX FURY HAS GALLOPED OFF—



WE'RE HERE!  
NOW TO TAKE  
HER INSIDE ...

NO... NO...  
**NO!**

IT WON'T TAKE LONG,  
MY DEAR! THE WINGED  
SNAKE IS SWIFT AND—  
DEADLY!

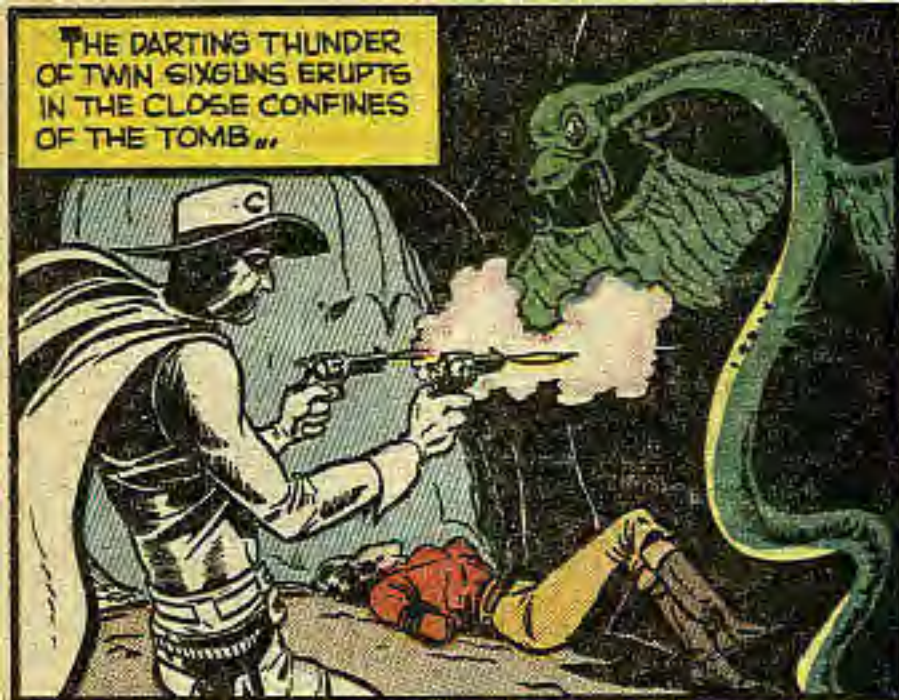


A RUSTLE OF WINGS,  
AND A SLIM SHAPE DARTING  
IN THE DIMNESS—





THE DARTING THUNDER OF TWIN SIXGUNS ERUPTS IN THE CLOSE CONFINES OF THE TOMB.

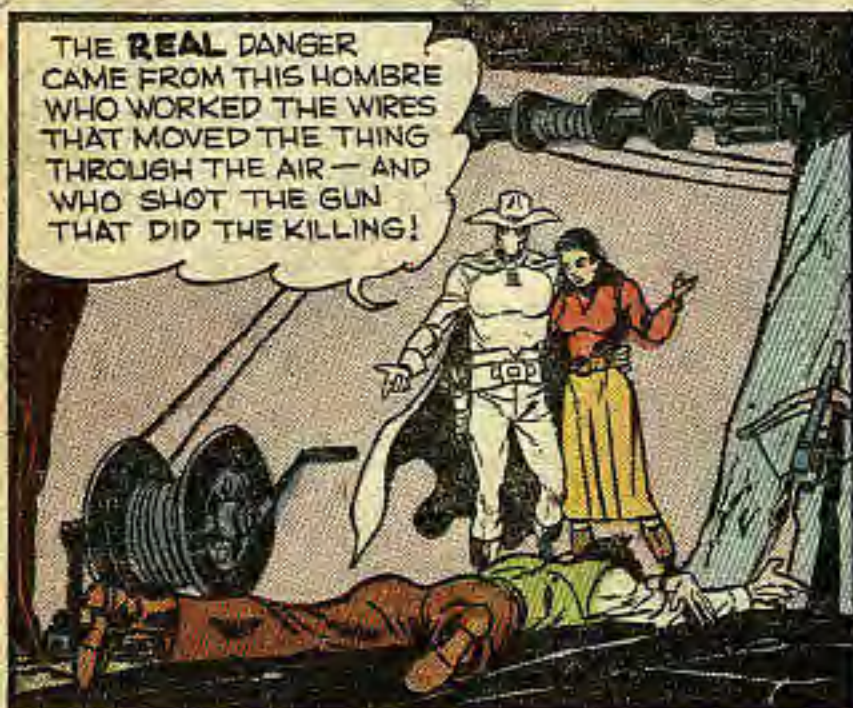


WHAT—OH!  
IT'S YOU AGAIN!  
EVERYTIME I'M  
IN TROUBLE,  
YOU'RE RIGHT  
ON HAND, THANK  
GOODNESS! THAT  
WINGED SERPENT—!

— WON'T HURT  
YOU OR ANYONE  
ELSE ANYMORE!  
HE ISN'T ALIVE.  
IT'S JUST A  
**DUMMY!**



THE **REAL** DANGER  
CAME FROM THIS HOMBRE  
WHO WORKED THE WIRES  
THAT MOVED THE THING  
THROUGH THE AIR — AND  
WHO SHOT THE GUN  
THAT DID THE KILLING!



THIS CROSSBOW AFFAIR IS GEARED TO  
SHOOT A THIN PARAFFIN NEEDLE —  
LOADED WITH STRYCHNINE, A POISON!  
THE PARAFFIN MELTS IN THE BODY,  
OR, IN HOT SUNLIGHT. IT LEAVES NO  
TRACE — EXCEPT DEATH!



BUT **WHY?**  
WHY ALL  
THIS  
CRAZY  
MUMMERY?

LOOK HERE! SACKS  
OF RAW GOLD!  
SOMEBODY HAS  
DISCOVERED GOLD  
ON YOUR PROPERTY.  
SO, INSTEAD OF  
HAVING A RUNDOWN  
RANCH, YOU OWN  
A **GOLD MINE!**  
REASON ENOUGH TO  
KILL YOU, YOUR  
FATHER AND  
BROTHER!

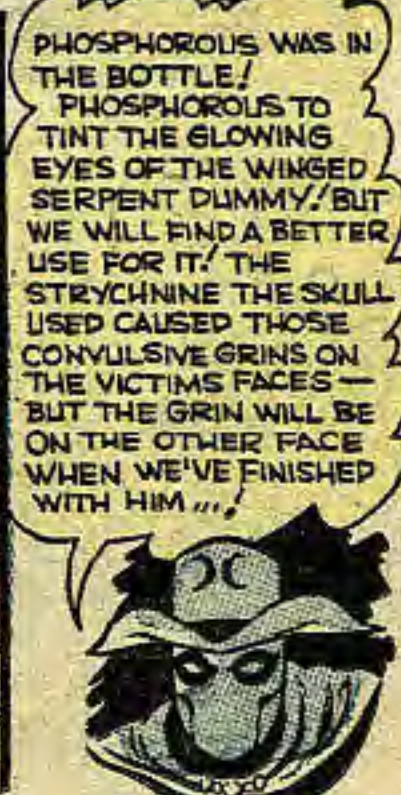


BROTHER  
AND DADDY —  
MURDERED!  
OHhhh —  
LET THE  
SKULL TAKE  
THE GOLD  
IF IT MEANS  
SO MUCH  
TO HIM!

NO! THESE MEN  
MUST BE PUNISHED!  
WHEN REX FURY  
INVESTIGATED THE  
TOMB, HE SAW A  
GLOWING BOTTLE  
IN THE DARKNESS,  
AS WELL AS THE  
SERPENT DUMMY!  
THAT GLOWING  
BOTTLE TOLD HIM  
THAT MEN WERE  
BEHIND THIS!



PHOSPHOROUS WAS IN  
THE BOTTLE!  
PHOSPHOROUS TO  
TINT THE GLOWING  
EYES OF THE WINGED  
SERPENT DUMMY! BUT  
WE WILL FIND A BETTER  
USE FOR IT! THE  
STRYCHNINE THE SKULL  
USED CAUSED THOSE  
CONVULSIVE GRINS ON  
THE VICTIMS FACES —  
BUT THE GRIN WILL BE  
ON THE OTHER FACE  
WHEN WE'VE FINISHED  
WITH HIM...





MEANWHILE,  
AT THE  
B-ON-A-BENCH  
RANCH...

HERE IT IS — A  
FORGED DEED  
GIVING ME FULL  
RIGHTS AND TITLE  
TO THIS RANCH,  
AND TO THE GOLD  
I DISCOVERED ON  
IT. THAT GOLD  
MINE IS NOW  
OURS.

WE DID IT BY  
RIGGING UP  
THAT TOMB  
BUSINESS. EVERYBODY  
BLAMES THE  
HAUNTED  
TOMB FOR  
THOSE  
DEATHS —  
AND NOT US!

B-BASS!  
L-LOOK!

I CALL DOWN  
VENGEANCE UPON  
YOU, MY MURDERERS!  
CAN YOU HEAR ME,  
SPIRITS OF THE  
BEYOND?

SHE —  
SHE IS  
DEAD!

IT'S  
HER  
GHOST!

THAT  
LAMP —  
IT'S  
DONE  
BLOWN  
OUT!

EVE BRADSHAW'S GLOWING FORM  
SLOWLY OPENS THE CREAKING DOOR...

AWE! HER GHOST!  
AND FROM THE SPIRIT  
WORLD, TO SEE JUSTICE  
DONE, I COME — I,  
THE GHOST RIDER!

IF YOU WISH TO SEE JUSTICE DONE,  
KNOW THAT I AM FALSE! THE NAME  
SIGNED TO ME IS NOT THE NAME OF  
THE MAN WHO SIGNED IT! IT IS A  
TRICK TO STEAL THIS RANCH!

THIS WHOLE THING  
IS A TRICK! THERE ARE  
NO SUCH THINGS AS  
GHOSTS!

YOU SHOT  
HIS HEAD  
OFF!

AND  
STILL HE  
KEEPS  
COMING!

IF HE AIN'T A GHOST —  
I AIN'T STAYING TO  
LEARN JUST WHAT  
HE IS!

FLINGING HIS REVERSIBLE CAPE ABOUT HIM IN THE  
DARKNESS, THE GHOST RIDER SEEMS TO  
APPEAR AND DISAPPEAR...





WITH FRIGHT STABBING AT THEIR HEARTS, THE SKULL'S MEN STAMPEDE FOR THE DOORWAYS— ONLY TO FIND THEM BARRED—



USING HIS LANTERN PROJECTOR WITH A MOUNTED REVOLVING DISC IN FRONT OF THE LENS, THE GHOST RIDER CASTS WIERD, MOVING SHAPES ON THE WALLS OF THE ROOM...

RISE UP, BROTHER SPIRITS! HERE IS ONE OF US, WHO BEARS THE NAME, THE SKULL! HE IS EVIL, MY BROTHERS! HE HAS KILLED MEN BY PRETENDING THAT THE HAUNTED TOMB HAD A WINGED SERPENT IN IT...

YES, YES. I ADMIT THAT — BUT DON'T KILL ME...



I RIGGED UP THE WHOLE THING, TO GET THIS RANCH FOR THE GOLD ON IT... KEEP THEM AWAY! KEEP THEM AWAY!



I'VE HEARD ENOUGH TO ACT, GHOST RIDER. WHEN I CAME OUT HERE ON YOUR SAY-SO, I THOUGHT YOU WERE LOCO. I'M APOLOGIZIN'!

JUST TAKE HIM AWAY, SHERIFF! HE'LL HANG AS HE TRIED TO HANG MISS FAYE!





# GHOST RIDER

the

DEAD MEN WALKING  
IN THE NIGHT! DEAD  
MEN LIFTING SIXGUNS,  
SHOOTING DOWN THE  
LIVING! IS THIS A  
REVOLT FROM BEYOND  
THE GRAVE? DOES  
HATE FLAME RED IN  
THE ROTTING BRAINS  
OF DECAYING CORPSES?

MURDER IN THE  
NIGHT AND DEATH FROM  
THE HANDS OF MEN  
LONG DEAD! THIS IS  
MEAT FOR THE MAN OF  
MIDNIGHT, THAT  
TERROR OF THE  
TWILIGHT HOURS —  
**THE GHOST RIDER!** —  
AS HE SEEKS TO  
UNCOVER THE STRANGE  
SECRET BEHIND —

THE  
**LEAGUE  
OF THE  
LIVING  
DEAD!**



IT IS NIGHT IN THE CACTUS COUNTRY. IN THE SALOONS, LAUGHTER  
AND THE GURGLE OF FLOWING LIQUOR DROWN OUT THE HOWL  
OF LONELY COYOTES...





WITH DULL, THUDDING STEPS, THE CORPSE MAN CROSSES THE ROOM. HE LIFTS HIS ARM, AND —

**BLAM!**

HE SHOT HIM — AND HE'S FALLING, TOO! — LIKE HE'S — DEAD!

THIS MAN IS DEAD! AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR A MONTH! I SAW HIM BURIED MYSELF!

A REIGN OF FEAR AND HORROR STALKS THE COW COUNTRY! ON SILENT FEET, THE SPECTRE OF FRIGHT MOVES AMONG THE RANCHERS AND TOWNS-FOLK OF HARD-ROCK GAP...

A GAIN AND AGAIN, DEAD MEN STRIKE AT THE LIVING, DEATH FLAMING FROM THE GUNS THEY HOLD...

**KA-POW!**

ALWAYS THE SAME EIGHTLESS EYES STARE DUMBLY AT THE VICTIM —

ALWAYS, AFTER HIS GUN HAS SUNG ITS MURDEROUS SONG, THE KILLER-CORPSE CRUMPLES BESIDE THE MAN CHOSEN FOR THE GRAVE!

**BLAM!**



THEN, ONE NIGHT, A COLD WIND SWEEPS ACROSS THE GRAVEYARD, RUFFLING THE LONG CLOAK OF AN EERIE FIGURE THAT STANDS WAITING...



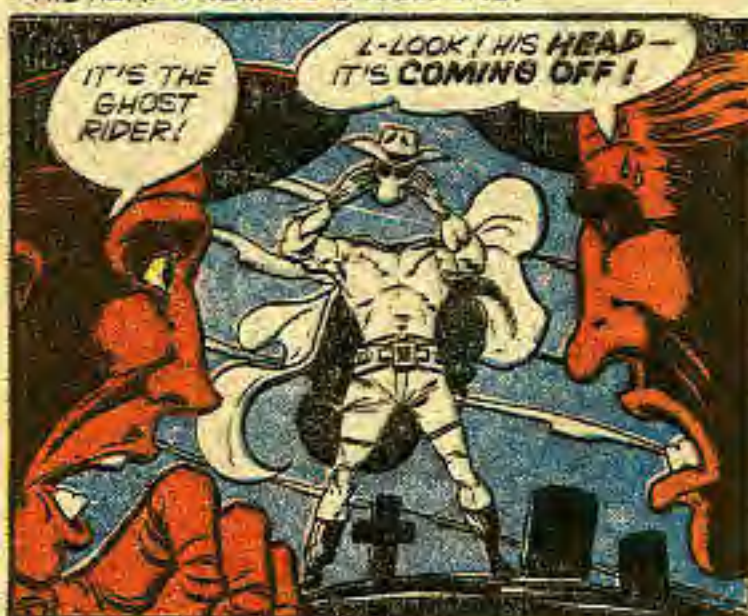
THEY COME WITH THEIR SHOVELS, THESE HUMAN GHOULS — COME TO ROB THE GRAVES...!

ON A BLACK LARIAT HUNG ABOUT THE BRANCHES OF A TREE, THE MAN OF MIDNIGHT SWOOPS FROM ABOVE TOWARD A NEWLY OPENED GRAVE —



MERCILESS MONSTERS / WILL YOU NOT SUFFER THE DEAD TO LIE STILL IN THE REST THEY HAVE EARNED?

BY A CLEVER USE OF HIS SPECIALLY PREPARED CLOAK, **THE GHOST RIDER** APPEARS TO LIFT HIS HEAD FROM HIS SHOULDERS!



IT'S THE GHOST RIDER!

L-LOOK! HIS HEAD — IT'S COMING OFF!

WHAT SEEK YOU FROM THE DEAD? WHAT EVIL RITES DEMAND THEIR PRESENCE? WHO ARE YOU, HEARTLESS FIENDS?



NO!  
NO!

AN EERIE HAND SEEMS TO RISE UP FROM NOWHERE TO CLUTCH AT TERRIFIED THROATS...



MUST I CHOKE YOUR KNOWLEDGE FROM YOU?

AAAAGGH!

AS THE SEPULCHRAL VOICE FLOATS ALL ABOUT THEM (THANKS TO THE CLEVER VENTRILOQUISM OF THE GHOST RIDER), THE FRIGHTENED MEN BOLT —



RUN WHERE YOU WILL, YOU SHALL NEVER ESCAPE ME!







GRAZED BY FEAR — HIS WRIST BEARING THE GLOWING SEAL OF THE GHOST RIDER — BECKER FIRES AGAIN AND AGAIN —!

KILL YOU... LIKE I KILLED THOSE OTHERS — WON'T LET ANYTHING STAND IN MY WAY!

**BLAM! BLAM!**

**BLAM!**

HE SHOT ONLY MY CLOAK, ON WHICH MY FORM IS PAINTED WITH PHOSPHORESCENT PAINT! AND THE MARK OF MY FACE IS BRANDED ON HIS WRIST TO REMIND HIM OF ME!



THE MILKWEED JUICE, MIXED WITH PHOSPHORUS, WILL STAIN HIS WRIST FOR SOME WEEKS! AFTER THAT, IF IT FADES OUT, IT WILL NOT MATTER — FOR SOMEWHERE HERE I OUGHT TO FIND THE PROOF I NEED!



AN ACCOUNT BOOK! HA — FROM THESE RECORDS, IT WOULD SEEM THAT BECKER HAS BEEN IN HAITI, WHERE WITH VODOO MAGIC THEY RAISE THE LIVING DEAD TO SERVE EVIL MEN AS **ZOMBIES!**



SOMEWHERE IN HAITI, BECKER LEARNED THE SECRET OF THE LIVING DEAD! HE USES IT HERE RESTORING DEAD BODIES WITH A FALSE, CHEMICAL LIFE, THAT DIES OUT AS SOON AS THE DEAD MAN'S MISSION IS ACCOMPLISHED!



LINT BECKER BABBLES IN FRIGHT AS HE STARES DOWN AT THE BRAND OF THE GHOST RIDER...

STAMPED ME WITH HIS **BRAND!** THE BRAND OF THE **GRAVE!** GOT TO GET RID OF IT... OR FOLKS WILL SEE IT... TIE ME UP WITH THE MURDERS BY THE DEAD MEN...!



BUT NO AMOUNT OF RUBBING WILL ERASE THAT SYMBOL, FOR IT HAS BEEN MADE WITH THE JUICE OF THE MILKWEED, WITH WHICH THE INDIANS PAINLESSLY BRAND THEIR PONIES...

IT WON'T COME OFF! I'VE BEEN BRANDED — FOR LIFE!





IN THE TOWN OF HARDROCK GAP, SOME-  
WHAT LATER, THE GHOST RIDER SLIPS  
ON SILENT FEET INTO THE OFFICE OF  
THE COUNTY REGISTER...

BECKER CAUSED MEN TO BE KILLED BY  
THE ZOMBIES HE ANIMATED! LATER, HE  
BOUGHT UP THEIR RANCHES AND GRAZE-  
LANDS AT A CHEAP PRICE FROM THEIR  
WIDOWS!



AH!... ACCORDING TO THIS MAP, BY  
BUYING UP THAT LAND, HE ACQUIRES  
ALL WATER RIGHTS TO THIS VALLEY!  
WITH THOSE RANCHLANDS JOINED TO  
HIS, HE WILL CONTROL EVERY OTHER  
RANCH IN THE COUNTRYSIDE!  
THAT'S WHAT HE'S AFTER!

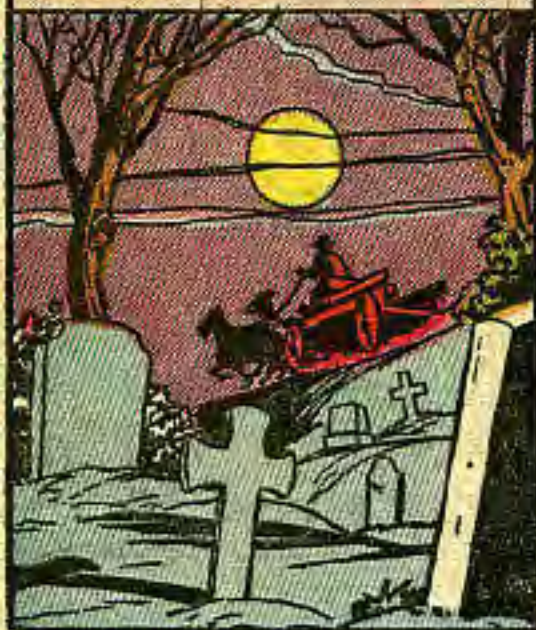


ONCE AGAIN, THE GHOST  
RIDER AND HIS SPECTRAL  
MOUNT RIDE THE TRAIL...

I HAVE PROOF OF BECKER'S  
CRIME, BUT I CAN'T  
**CONVICT** HIM OF MURDER  
IN A LAW COURT! HE'S  
FRIGHTENED, BUT HE KNOWS  
IF HE KEEPS MUM, NOTHING  
WILL HAPPEN TO HIM! HOW  
CAN I MAKE HIM SUFFER  
FOR HIS CRIMES...?



ONE NIGHT, LATER IN THE WEEK,  
LINT BECKER, HIS COURAGE RESTORED  
BY THE CONTINUED ABSENCE OF THE  
GHOST RIDER, TAKES HIS BUCK-  
BOARD INTO TOWN...



SUDDENLY THE GROUND ABOVE  
A GRAVE SHIFTS. A COFFIN LID  
OPENS. A ROTTING HAND THRUSTS  
OUT —



LINT BECKER!  
WAIT FOR US —  
**THE  
DEAD!**

WE  
ARE  
YOUR  
SERVANTS!





A WEIRD AND GHASTLY PROCESSION TRAILS THE FLEEING BECKER THROUGH THE STREETS OF HARDROCK GAP!

STOP 'EM! SOMEBODY CATCH 'EM! HELP! HELP!

YOU SUMMONED US FROM THE GRAVE TO KILL FOR YOU, LINT BECKER! WE MAY NOT REST EASY UNTIL YOU CONFESS YOUR GUILT!

CONFESS!

THE DEAD— MARCHING!

LISTEN! THEY'RE CALLING OUT TO LINT BECKER!

ASKING HIM TO CONFESS!

IN A CHILL OF FEAR, LINT BECKER SLIPS FROM HIS WAGON TO HUDDLE ON THE STREET.

SAVE ME SOMEBODY! SAVE ME!

HIS BLACK CLOAK FALLING AWAY, THE GLOWING FORM OF THE GHOST RIDER APPEARS...

CONFESS YOUR GUILT!

YES, YES! I CONFESS! I REANIMATED THEIR BODIES WITH A SECRET FORMULA I LEARNED IN HAITI! I HAD THEM KILL FOR ME TO GET THE RANCHES I WANTED...

SOMEWHAT LATER, OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

THANK YOU, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! AS MEMBERS OF A TRAVELLING THEATRE GROUP, YOU GAVE THE FINEST PERFORMANCE OF YOUR LIVES! HERE IS THE PAY I PROMISED YOU!

BECKER IS BEHIND BARS! THE DEAD LIE AT REST IN THEIR GRAVES! NO ONE SUSPECTED MY LITTLE TRICK— AND THE CASE IS CLOSED! AWAY, SPECTRE— WE RIDE!

The End



# TALES OF *the* GHOST RIDER...

## THE BLOODY FANGS OF FEAR

THIS IS THE FIRST  
OF A SERIES OF *WEIRD*  
WESTERN TALES  
ESPECIALLY DESIGNED  
FOR YOUR  
ENJOYMENT...!



WITH SAVAGE TEETH  
AND RENDING CLAWS IT  
HUNTS THE WIDE TABLE-  
LAND BELOW GRIM CASTLE  
FARKAS, THIS UNEARTHLY  
KILLER-WOLF THAT NO  
BULLET CAN HARM! AND  
WHEN RANCHER NELS  
BECKETT GALLOPS ONTO  
THIS DEVIL-HAUNTED  
PLAIN, HE COMES FACE TO  
FACE WITH—**THE  
BLOODY FANGS OF  
FEAR!**



IT'S THE WHITE WEREWOLF!  
HE'S GOING TO— **KILL HER!**



IT WAS BARON BELA FARKAS WHO BUILT THE  
OLD CASTLE AND MEN TOLD STRANGE STORIES  
OF WHAT HAPPENED IN ITS ANCIENT CELLARS,  
AND OF THE WEIRD WHITE WOLF THAT ROVED  
THE MISTY MOUNTAIN TRAILS THAT LED TO  
THE CASTLE GATES...

THE INDIANS WERE AFRAID TO TRAVEL THE  
LONELY PATHWAYS, FOR A RED-EYED MONSTER  
ALWAYS APPEARED, TO SPRING UPON THEM...





REMILING CHIEFS CAME TO THE OLD CASTLE, TO BEG HELP FROM THE CRUEL, GRIM BARON...

YOU BLAME ME FOR SOME WOLF THAT YOUR HUNTERS CANNOT KILL? I'LL TEACH YOU TO CARE FOR YOUR OWN TROUBLES!



IN ANGER, HE CHAINED THEM TO THE WALLS OF THE STONE DUNGEONS FAR BELOW, WHERE THEY ROTTED AND DIED WITH MAD LAUGHTER ON THEIR LIPS...

AH-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!



AND EVER THE WOLF ROAMED THE TRAILS, SLAYING AND KILLING, AND AS THE YEARS PASSED FROM A DECADE TO MORE THAN A CENTURY, THE WOLF NEVER SEEMED TO AGE, BUT ALWAYS LEAPED AND KILLED, AND HIS FANGS DRIPPED WITH THE RED BLOOD OF HIS VICTIMS...



AND THEN, ON A SPRING EVENING IN THE YEAR 1873, WHEN THE WESTERN TRAILS WERE CROWDED WITH HERDS MOVING TOWARD ABILENE AND DODGE CITY —

STAMPEDE!



GET MOVING, BRONC! HIGHTAIL IT — AND DON'T FALL!



MOMENTS LATER —

WOLVES — LOTS OF WOLVES — LED BY A BIG WHITE WOLF WITH RED EYES!

WHAT IN THUNDER STARTED 'EM UP LIKE THAT?



THERE'S THE WHITE WOLF NOW! HE MUST BE THE LEADER OF THE PACK! I'LL BRING HIM DOWN WITH A POUND OF LEAD IN HIS GUTS!





BUT NELS BECKETT  
LOST THE TRAIL IN  
THE MOUNTAIN MISTS.  
AT THE FIRST FAINT  
LIGHT OF DAWN...

PARDON ME, MA'AM.  
MY HANDLE IS  
NELS BECKETT.  
I WAS TRAILING  
A WHITE WOLF...

OH-HH —  
NO!

PLEASE! DO NOT SPEAK  
OF THE WHITE WOLF WHERE  
MY BROTHER CAN HEAR  
YOU! HE CLAIMS THE WOLF  
IS THE FAMILY CURSE!  
ALWAYS FOLLOWING US!  
HAUNTING US!

IF YOU  
SAY SO,  
MA'AM,  
I WON'T!  
BUT HE  
STAMPED  
MY CATTLE!

WE WILL PAY FOR YOUR  
LOSSES! AH, I SEE YOU  
ADMIRING MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S  
WEAPON COLLECTION. THAT  
SILVER-BLADED SPEAR — THAT  
DAGGER — ALL ARE WORKS  
OF ART BY OLD MASTERS!

RECKON SO,  
MA'AM. BUT  
I'LL BE  
MOSEYIN'  
ALONG, MY  
MEN NEED ME!

THAT NIGHT, THE WOLVES COME DOWN  
FROM THE HILLS AGAIN, LED BY THE  
RED-EYED MONSTER...

I'LL GET ME SOME  
OF THESE BRUTES  
THIS TIME! I WAS  
JUST WAITIN' FOR 'EM  
TO COME SNOOPIN'  
AROUND!

UP INTO THE MIST-BLANKETED  
MOUNTAIN WOODS RACES THE  
GAUNT, WHITE BEAST! AND  
CLOSE BEHIND HIM, FIRING  
HIS SIXGUNS, COMES THE  
PUZZLED RANCHER...

I'M DROPPING  
WOLVES EVERY  
TIME I PULL  
THE TRIGGER!  
BUT WHEN I  
SHOOT AT THAT  
WHITE ONE — I  
ALWAYS MISS  
HIM!



WELL — IF I CAN'T KILL  
YOU WITH *BULLETS* —  
MAYBE I CAN DO IT  
WITH MY *BARE HANDS*!



COULDN'T — HOLD HIM!  
HIS LEFT FORELEG'S  
BLEEDING — RIPPED  
IT ON THE TONGUE OF  
MY BELT-BUCKLE!



HE'S LEAVING A BLOOD TRAIL  
THAT'S AS EASY TO FOLLOW  
AS A COW'S! AND IT'S  
LEADING — RIGHT TO  
CASTLE FARKAS!



OH —  
PLEASE  
COME  
IN!

YOUR *LEFT WRIST*,  
MA'AM — IT'S BANDAGED!



MY SISTER  
WRENCHED  
HER WRIST  
LAST NIGHT.  
I BANDAGED  
IT FOR HER!

THE *WHITE*  
*WOLF*'S LEFT  
FORELEG WAS  
HURT LAST  
NIGHT!  
EVA'S  
LEFT WRIST  
IS HURT...!



LEFT ALONE, NELS BECKETT  
DISCOVERED AN ANCIENT BOOK...

I'LL  
PREPARE  
BREAKFAST!

A BOOK ON  
LYCANTHROPY —  
WEREWOLVES  
MEN OR WOMEN  
WHO TAKE THE  
SHAPE OF A WOLF —  
TO KILL! NO ORDINARY  
WEAPON CAN KILL IT.  
A BULLET OR A KNIFE  
MUST BE OF *SILVER*  
TO DRAW ITS  
BLOOD...!





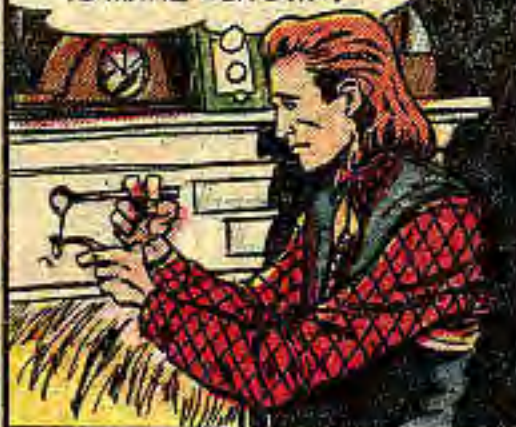
UNDERSTANDING CAME SUDDENLY TO NELS BECKETT AS HE HELD THE OLD VOLUME IN HIS HANDS. THE WHITE WOLF WAS A WERE-CREATURE—

SO THAT'S WHY THE TONGUE OF MY BELT-BUCKLE WOUNDED IT, WHEN MY BULLETS WOULDN'T! THE BELT-BUCKLE IS MADE OF SOLID SILVER!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE ROOM ASSIGNED TO HIM BY BELA FARKAS, HE MELTED HIS OLD BELT-BUCKLE AND POURED THE MOLTEN METAL INTO A SMALL BULLET-MOULD...

LUCKY US COWPOKES ON TRAIL DRIVES CARRY SMALL BULLET MOULDS WITH US! THERE'S NO STORES ON THE WAY TO BUY BULLETS, SO WE HAVE TO MAKE OUR OWN!



SUDDENLY, AS HE SLIPS THE SILVER BULLET INTO THE CHAMBER OF HIS COLT...

THUNDER! THAT WAS A GIRL—SCREAMING IN FEAR!



IT CAME FROM DOWN IN THE CELLAR—IN THE OLD DUNGEONS!



NOT A SOUND, NOW! I CAN'T HEAR A THING! BRRR... WHAT A PLACE!



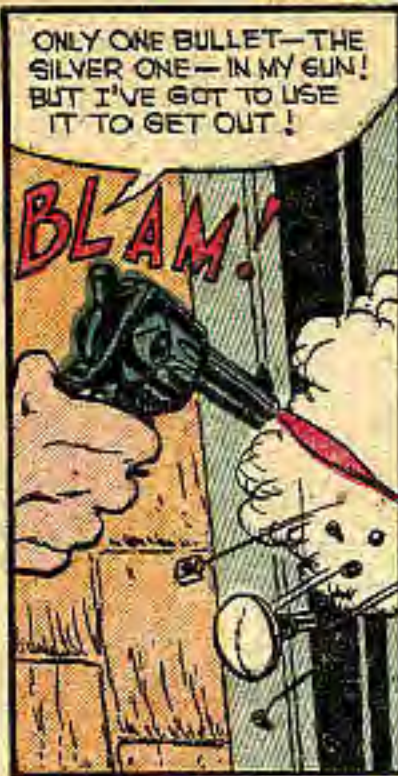
ONLY THE FRIGHTENED SQUEAKINGS OF SCURRYING RATS COULD BE HEARD AS NELS BECKETT ADVANCED INTO THE MUSTY OLD WINE CELLAR...



THE DOOR SLAMS! THE METAL LOCK CLICKS INTO PLACE...







WITH A DESPERATE LUNGE, NEL'S BECKETT REACHED THE GREAT WHITE WEREWOLF, AS HIS LONG FANGS WERE ABOUT TO BURY THEMSELVES IN THE GIRL'S THROAT!





OVER AND OVER THEY ROLLED, THE WOLF SILENT AND SAVAGE, RIPPING AT THE RANCHER, DRAWING BLOOD— THAT SEEMED TO MADDEN HIM THE MORE!

CAN'T HOLD OUT...  
AGAINST SUCH STRENGTH...



NO USE! NO HUMAN  
STRENGTH CAN DO  
ANYTHING AGAINST  
SOMETHING SUPERNATURAL  
LIKE THAT!



AND THEN HIS FINGERS CLOSED ON  
THE SHAFT OF A SPEAR, WITH SUDDEN  
INSPIRATION, HE RIPPED IT FROM  
THE WALL...

THE SPEAR WITH  
THE SILVER BLADE!  
SURE—I WAS GOING  
TO USE A SILVER  
BULLET—BUT THIS  
WILL DO JUST AS  
WELL!



NOW, YOU DEVIL—  
TAKE THAT!



IT WAS BELA! THE WEREWOLF  
CURSE DESCENDS TO THE  
MALE SONS OF THE FARKAS  
LINE! THAT'S WHAT THE  
NAME, FARKAS, MEANS—  
WOLF!



IT IS BELA! THE WOLF DIED AND BELA APPEARED!  
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! I'M TAKING YOU WITH  
ME, EVA. TOGETHER, WE CAN FIND HAPPINESS  
TO MAKE YOU FORGET THIS EVIL THING!



AND AS KELS BECKETT AND HIS WIFE-TO-BE  
TOOK UP THE TRAIL NORTH TO ABILENE...

THE INDIANS ARE BURNING  
THE CASTLE—NOW THE  
CURSE IS NO MORE!

A GOOD THING!  
THE PURIFYING  
FIRE WILL WASH  
OUT ALL MEMORY  
OF AN EVIL  
THAT HAS NO  
PLACE IN THIS  
FINE LAND!





# THE GHOST RIDER

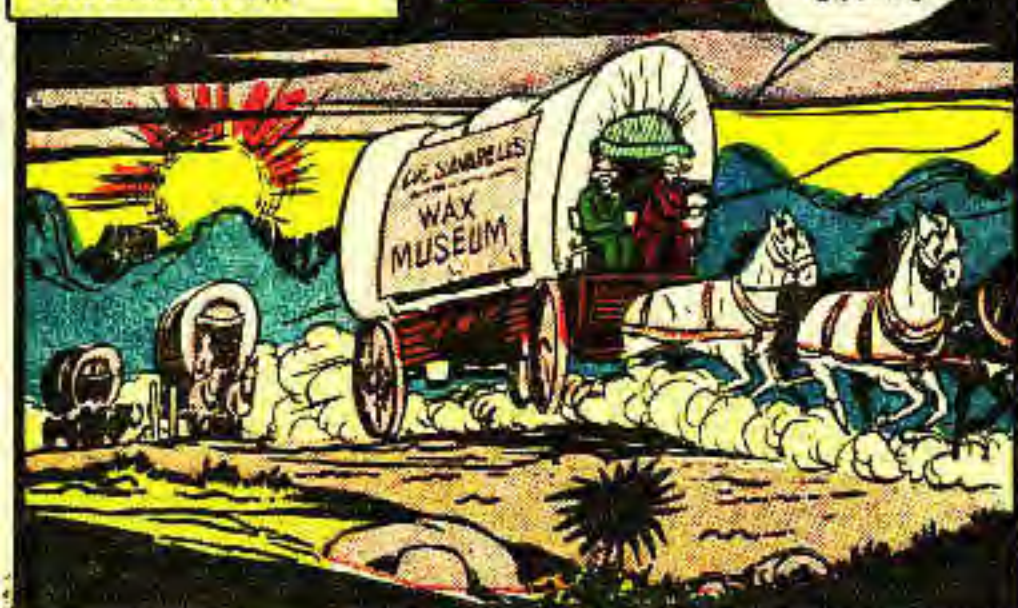


LEGEND HAS IT THAT THE MURDERER ALWAYS RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME—SOMETHING STRONGER THAN HIMSELF DRAMS HIM THERE... BUT IN THIS STORY THE TABLES ARE TURNED. WHEN THE SCENE OF THE CRIME RETURNS TO THE MURDERER... AND THE GHOST RIDER...  
MELTS THE MYSTERY OF—

"THE MURDER  
IN **WAX**!"

AS DUSK STAINS THE PRAIRIE SKY, A WAGON-TRAIN DRAWS STEADILY CLOSER TO DOOMTOWN...

GEE-HAW!  
GIDDAP!



SOMEDAY... SOMEWHERE...  
I'M GOING TO CATCH UP  
WITH THE MAN WHO  
SPILLED MY BROTHER'S  
BLOOD...





BUT A "RECEPTION COMMITTEE" OF GUNHANDS, WITH ITCHING GUNFINGERS, AWAITS THE APPROACHING WAGON-TRAIN...

THAR HE IS!  
READY, MEN?

TRIGGER'S COCKED—  
IF THET'S WHUT  
YUH MEAN...!

SHOOT TUH  
KILL, MEN!

YIPEE!

A BULLET THUDS INTO  
DOC SAVARELL'S CHEST!

AAAAH! LOOKS  
LIKE I'LL BE SEEING  
YOU SOON, BROTHER!

STEP DOWN WITH  
YORE HANDS UP  
FOLKS—THET IS,  
IF YUH LIKE  
BREATHING!

WE GOT  
TUH  
DOC—  
NOW LET'S  
SET FIRE  
TO HIS  
WAGONS!

BUT THEN, GALLOPING UP IN THE  
CAUSE OF JUSTICE, CALLED BY  
THE SHARP CRACK OF PISTOL-  
SHOTS IN THE STILL PRAIRIE  
NIGHT...!

TUH  
GHOST  
RIDER!

OWWW! MAKE TRACKS,  
MEN! LAST TIME WE'LL  
EVER PULL A JOB IN  
THIS TERRITORY...!

LET THEM FLEE...  
IT'S MORE IMPORTANT  
THAT I TRY TO TURN  
THE TIDE OF THAT  
POOR MAN'S  
EBBING LIFE...!

WHIRLING LIKE A WHITE RAPIER IN THE BLACK  
VELVET OF THE NIGHT, THE GHOST RIDER  
DISARMS THE VILLAINS...



IT TAKES ONE MINUTE TO DETERMINE THAT DOC'S WOUND, THOUGH BLOODY, IS NOT A FATAL ONE. THE GHOST RIDER ORDERS HIM TENDED TO, EXTINGUISHES THE FIRE, THEN RETURNS TO TALK TO DOC.

TELL ME — ISN'T THIS ODD TERRITORY FOR A SHOW LIKE YOURS?

WHEN YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE MAN WHO KILLED YOUR BROTHER, GHOST RIDER — YOU'LL TRAVEL TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH!

AND DOC, GASPING FOR BREATH, TELLS HOW ONE MOONLESS NIGHT...

HELP! LET GO!

NOT BEFORE THE MONEY'S MINE...

WHO'S CALLING OUT THERE?



MURDERER! AAAGH!



I'LL COME AFTER YOU! WHOEVER YOU ARE, WHEREVER YOU GO, I'LL FIND YOU — AND AVENGE MY BROTHER'S DEATH!



HIS GRIM TALE ENDED, DOC LAPSES INTO MOODY SILENCE...

YOU HAVE LOST MUCH BLOOD... YOU NEED REST AND QUIET. BUT TELL ME ONE THING — HOW WILL YOU FIND THIS MURDERER IF YOU NEVER SAW HIS FACE?

BY BRINGING THE SCENE OF THE CRIME BACK TO THE MURDERER...





THE NEXT DAY IN SING SONG'S LAUNDRY—

IT'S THE WEIRDEST TRAP I'VE EVER SEEN SET FOR A MURDERER, SING SONG. NOW THE PROBLEM IS TO FIND THE MAN WHO SET THOSE GUNHANDS ON DOC LAST NIGHT—AND WHY?

NO TICKETS NO SMOKING

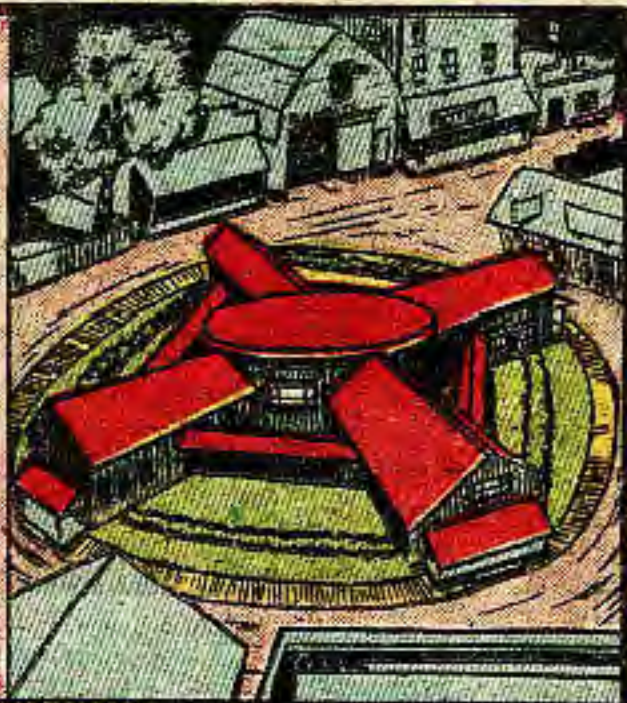
THIS VERY STRANGE! MR. SPIDER ALWAYS SUCH MEAT MAN—NOW MUCH CRUMPLED PAPER IN SHIRT POCKET!

SING SONG, LET ME SEE THAT PAPER!

UMMM... LOOKS LIKE THIS ANNOUNCEMENT UPSET MR. SPIDER... I THINK I'LL BE TAKING A WALK DOWN TO THE WEB, SING SONG...

NEXT WEEK IN DOOMTOWN FOR THE FIRST TIME DR. SAVARELL'S FAMOUS WAX MUSEUM

THE WEB, DOOMTOWN'S GAMBLING JOINT IS CONSTRUCTED ALONG THE LINES OF A SPIDER WEB, JUST THE OWNERS WHIM? PERHAPS... BUT SOME PEOPLE POINT TO LEN SPIDER'S OFFICE IN THE CENTER AND NOTE THAT NO ONE CAN APPROACH THE OFFICE WITHOUT BEING IN THE DIRECT LINE OF HIS FIRE!!



IN LEN SPIDER'S OFFICE—

HELLO, FURY—WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

BIG WAX MUSEUM IN TOWN, MR. SPIDER. OWNER GOT SHOT UP LAST NIGHT, BUT THE SHOW'S STILL GOING ON... YOU GOING TO BE THERE TONIGHT? THERE'S SOMETHING OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO YOU—

FOR A LONG SILENT MOMENT, LEN SPIDER STARES BALEFULLY AT THE FEDERAL MARSHALL. THEN—

SURE, WHY NOT, FURY? I'LL BE THERE TONIGHT...

A FEW MOMENTS AFTER REX FURY LEAVES—

THAT FEDERAL MARSHALL IS TOO NOSY! GET ON HIS TRAIL AND GUN HIM DOWN!





SPIDER'S  
GUNHANDS  
WORK  
FAST!

TOSS YORE GUN BACK  
HERE, FURY! THEN RIDE  
AHEAD OF US —  
TOWARDS THAT  
MOUNTAIN  
PASS!

ONCE WE GET HIGH ENOUGH  
THEY AIM TO PUSH ME OVER  
THE SIDE. I BETTER DO  
SOMETHING FAST... MAMAM—  
THAT BEND IN THE ROAD  
JUST AHEAD...

THIS IS  
ONE WAY  
OF GETTING  
THE UPPER  
HAND!

HEY!  
WHAR  
IS HE?

THAR'S  
HIS HORSE  
UP AHEAD!

AND  
I'M RIGHT  
HERE!

IF YOU'RE NOT COMFORTABLE,  
COMPLAIN TO THE SHERIFF  
WHEN HE ARRIVES. THERE  
ARE A FEW THINGS I HAVE  
TO SAY TO MR. SPIDER  
BACK IN TOWN...!

LATER, IN SING SONG'S  
LAUNDRY—

SPIDER  
DOESN'T  
KNOW HIS  
GUNHANDS  
FAILED—  
HE'LL THINK  
HE HAS A  
FREE HAND  
NOW...

I VISIT  
WAX MUSEUM.  
VERY INTERESTING.  
HAS STATUE  
THERE NOW  
OF YOU,  
GHOST RIDER—  
OWNER HAD  
IT MADE  
TODAY... HE  
SO PLEASED  
WITH WAY  
YOU HELPED  
HIM LAST  
NIGHT.



LATER—

SOMETHING THAT WOULD BE OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO ME, REX FURY SAID... **WHAT COULD IT BE?** WELL, THERE'S NO HARM IN GOING TO SEE, NOW THAT FURY'S OUT OF THE WAY...!

HOTEL

THE SHOW'S CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT. JUST AS WELL—I'LL LOOK AROUND BY MYSELF.

BRRR—SPOOKY IN HERE! LET'S SEE NOW—WHAT COULD BE OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO ME...?

WAX  
MUSEUM

HE'S GOING TOWARDS IT—THE SCENE OF THE CRIME RECREATED IN WAX! NOW TO WATCH HIS EXPRESSION... AND SEE IF HE GIVES HIMSELF AWAY...!

UNSOLVED  
MURDER

BUT SPIDER STARES BLANDLY...

NO REACTION YET... COULD I HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN?

...UNTIL ONE OF THE STATUES BEGINS MOVING...!

**MURDERER!** AT LAST, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS—MY MURDERER!

**THUNDER!** THE STATUE MOVED AND SPOKE!

S-S-STAY AWAY FROM ME! I-I-I'LL GIVE THE MONEY BACK...!



SUDDENLY A VOICE  
RASPS OUT FROM  
THE TENT ENTRANCE—

I HEARD VOICES—  
YOU! YOU  
MUST BE MY  
BROTHER'S  
MURDERER!

REVENGE!  
REVENGE!

STAY AWAY  
FROM ME—  
EVERYBODY!  
STAY AWAY!

DOC, GET BACK—  
YOU BELONG IN BED!  
LET ME HANDLE  
THIS!

TO THE END OF  
THE EARTH I  
FOLLOWED—  
AAAGH!

POOR DOC—  
HE WAS IN  
MY WAY...

SPIDER RUNS MADLY  
THROUGH THE STREETS  
TOWARDS HIS WEB!

I'LL LOCK  
MYSELF IN THE  
ROUND ROOM!  
LET THEM COME  
FOR ME THERE—  
HA HA HA—I'LL  
KILL THEM OFF  
ONE BY ONE!

BAM!

BACK IN THE  
WAX MUSEUM—

FOREHEAD JUST  
CREASED... NOW  
TO INVESTIGATE  
THE WALKING AND  
TALKING STATUE...

IT'S ME—  
SING SONG!  
I WANTED  
FRONT ROW  
SEAT AT  
SHOW  
TONIGHT...  
I FIGURED  
THIS BEST  
WAY...

FOOLHARDY—  
BUT IT TURNED  
OUT FOR THE  
BEST, SING  
SONG. WE  
KNOW FOR  
CERTAIN NOW  
THAT SPIDER  
IS THE  
KILLER...

BACK TO BED WITH  
DOC—HIS QUEST IS  
ENDED. WHILE YOU  
TEND TO HIM, SING  
SONG, I WILL SEEK  
OUT THE SPIDER IN  
HIS WEB...



ALL DOORS BOLTED, THE NEARLY CRAZED SPIDER WAITS SAVAGELY IN THE CENTER OF HIS WEB —

I KNEW IT... I KNEW SOMEDAY HE'D COME AFTER ME! THAT'S WHY I HAD THIS BUILDING CONSTRUCTED LIKE A WEB! ANYWAY THEY APPROACH, THEY'LL BE IN THE DIRECT LINE OF — *WHAT'S THAT NOISE?*



IT'S THE GHOST RIDER — CLIMBING UP THE WALL —!



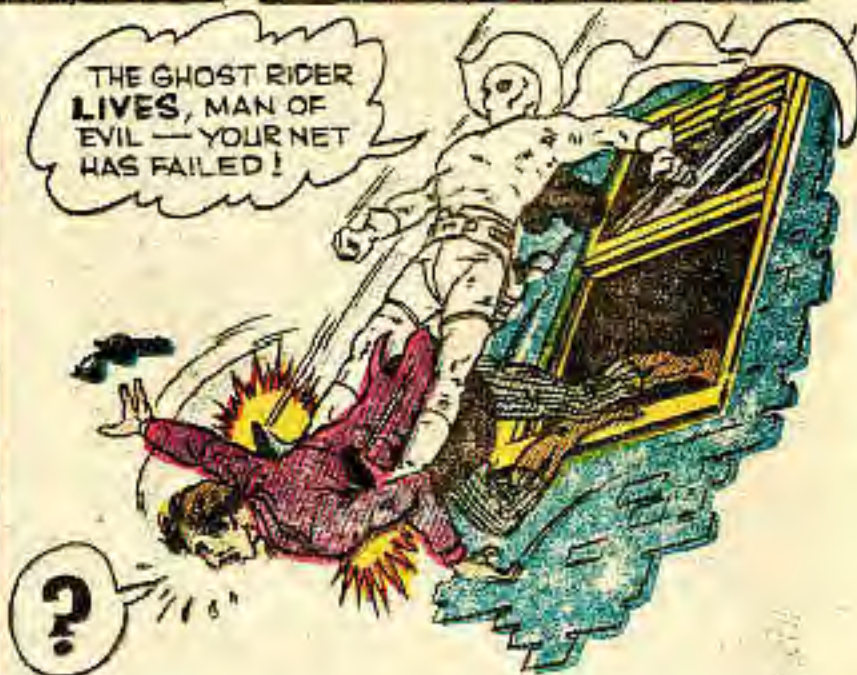
YOU'RE CAUGHT IN MY WEB, GHOST RIDER! HA! HA! HA!



DEAD! DEAD! THE WEB WORKED! I KILLED HIM!



THE GHOST RIDER LIVES, MAN OF EVIL — YOUR NET HAS FAILED!



THE NEXT DAY —

SURE WAS SING SONG! AND REMEMBER THAT WAX STATUE DOC HAD MADE OF THE GHOST RIDER? I MANIPULATED IT WITH A HEAVY ROPE LIKE A PUPPET FROM THE ROOF OF SPIDER'S OFFICE. IT WAS THE WAX STATUE SPIDER SHOT — NOT I...

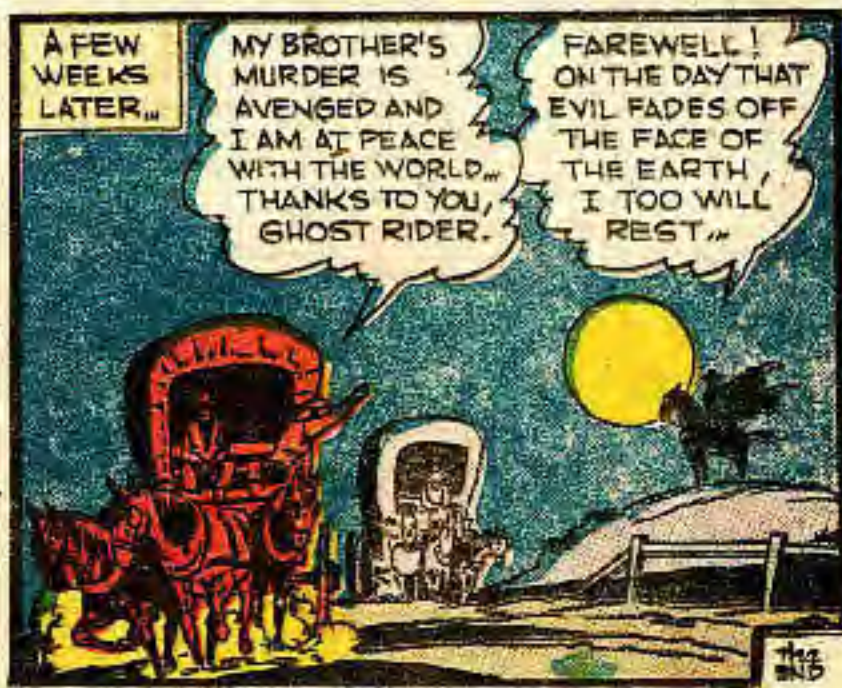
STAGE KNIFE-IN-BACK GOOD TRICK, YES?



A FEW WEEKS LATER...

MY BROTHER'S MURDER IS AVENGED AND I AM AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD... THANKS TO YOU, GHOST RIDER.

FAREWELL! ON THE DAY THAT EVIL FADES OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH, I TOO WILL REST...





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